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FOREIGNER & NATIONALIST

BY

EMILE PICHÉ

(CANADIAN PRIEST.)

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M. H. GILL & SON. DUBLIN

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NACIONAL

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M. H. GILL AND SON
O'CONNELL STREET
1888

M. H. GILL AND SON, PRINTERS, DUBLIN.

AN

1887 CHRISTMAS BOX

OF A NOT WELCOME BUT SIGNIFICANT KIND,

TO IRELAND'S

MOST (UN)BELOVED AND EVER-TO-BE-REMEMBERED

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

FOREIGNER AND NATIONALIST.

A MYSTERIOUS FACT.

THE so-called tyranny of the National League does not reach us; the natural hatred between political parties was never in existence in our hearts; the prejudices of bigotry never darken our minds.

We can roam through Ireland's green fields without thinking of our plundered property, our departed glory.

We do not see, lying at our feet, the remains of our ancestors' castles, the graves of our beloved evicted friends.

We can dream of America, Australia, without a tear to shed over our exiled brothers.

Nevertheless, strange to say, in the midst of a poor, struggling population, surrounded by powerful wealth, and by (?) people whose help would be so useful towards our own welfare, we have become Nationalists.

Is the air poisoned in spite of the savoury exhalations from so many Orange tribunes?

Has that "double dose" of original sin peculiar to the Irish race been inoculated into our veins during night?

How is it that the famous pamphlet, *Parnellism and Crime*, sent to cure us, did not stop the dreadful effect of these unknown poisons?

How is it that the wealth and intelligence of Ulster have not enraptured our minds?

Would it be possible that in a country of *law* and *order* we have become *felons?*

Moreover, for my part, I was born in a Canadian town,

under the protection of the British government, and the glorious banner of Home Rule granted by it. In a district where the greatest harmony prevails amongst all classes and creeds, where loyalty is a social virtue preached by Catholic priests, I had been taught from my childhood by wealthy parents, to admire England, to thank England for her generosity towards us, her toleration to our language and our faith. I had seen that the greatest glory of a young Canadian was to be on the staff of some official administration.

I left for Ireland with these favourable ideas on English rule, and though I had read the history of Ireland, I was under the impression that all the misdeeds, injustices, persecutions of England towards Ireland, were the by-gone facts of a past century.

I even had a kind of fear that the Irish demands were greatly exaggerated.

Well, after five years' residence in the country, travelling through it, and often taking note, week by week, of the many occurrences of the day; after close studies of facts and men; I have come to the conclusion that even if the land question were settled, Home Rule *would be necessary in Ireland.*

And the Tory government, the Orangemen, the strange wisdom of the magistracy, the bigotry of the upper class, the recklessness of the police, are responsible for my conversion.

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FIRST ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

In the month of June, 1882, I was on board the "Thomas Dugdale," bound for Belfast. I met a Belfastman, a Protestant, speaking perfect French. Was he Monsieur de ——? I cannot tell.

"You are going to Ireland?" said he, with the most astonished intonation.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, *ne savez vous pas que tout y est à feu et à sang!*" (don't you know that all is blood and fire in that country!)

"I know, sir, that it is in a bad state."

"But, my dear sir, it is dangerous for any honest man to be in it at the present time. You should have gone to Switzerland."

Nevertheless, I went to bed that night little dreaming of the Moonlighters.

A few weeks afterwards I was an inhabitant of the Green Isle, and I left Switzerland to my interviewer.

Being a foreigner, I soon heard all about the unfortunate Irish, the awful lot they were. How Irish priests were preaching murder. How all the riots, the rows, were caused by Catholics. I was told how ungrateful they were, the Catholics, and I was praised for taking such an interest in these degraded beings.

Once brutally insulted on a Monday morning at the door of a Protestant magistrate, he smiled and said, when I reported the fact to him, "Oh! these people must be some of your Catholics!"

When with Catholics I was surprised to hear no accusations against the Protestants as a body. Very often I heard them praise their separated brethren, and even mention some of their kind acts with the greatest gratitude. Sometimes I followed the Protestant clergyman going through the Catholic quarter; I never heard a word against him, though I can hardly pass through the Orange streets of Lurgan without hearing the Pope sent to hell.

These preliminary intercourses with my new countrymen,

enlightened me greatly on their moral dispositions towards one another.

But, the following facts that I shall narrate, showed me on which side was the truth.

*
* *

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

We have often read in the loyalist papers, of little children being attacked by a Catholic mob; of little children being slaughtered by the Nationalists; of little children being fired at by Morley's murderers.

God bless these little children!

But this is my experience of the little children of Ulster, experience repeated many times in the same month, sometimes under my own eyes.

When the rank and file of the Orange party wish a fight, they send the terrible little children ahead.

These innocent lambs rush to the top of a street, or a field (my own, for instance), they throw stones, curse the Pope to hell, and rouse the party feelings of the neighbourhood. As a rule, then, some passers by, or hearers, retaliate, and the little children disappear.

But they return soon with more than seven devils more wicked and older than themselves; they renew their insults, but are beaten back by the increasing force of the other party.

Then the big brothers and friends, who are in ambush at a short distance, rush to the rescue of their "wee" neighbours.

The police come *at last*, the Catholics are taken prisoners for having maliciously wounded "the little children." They are brought before the magistrates, when the big brothers swear that they were only defending their little brothers, and the whole party of Catholics is sent to Armagh jail for two months.

The next day we read in the papers of the horrible outrage perpetrated by the Fenians on some innocent lambs.

From these "Little Children," deliver us, O Lord!

The cleverness of these people is wonderful. A month ago, when a dreadful drought and a scorching sun were intense, ten youngsters from the Orange quarter took a fancy to set on fire the hedge of my field. Seeing the smoke, I walked towards it, accompanied by a small fox-terrier, who has the double mistake of never barking or biting.

But the children soon saw me, and all ran away.

The dog delighted to be free, ran after———*the birds flying* from the hedge. I made for the boys, letting the dog enjoy himself.

Seeing me coming along, the mothers and sisters of the culprits appeared on the scene, and a little child in petticoats lying in the grass started up with pitiful cries running into his mother's arms.

Meanwhile the dog had found me out.

I was received with a perfect storm of imprecations by the maddened crowd.

"I will have you summoned," exclaimed the mother of the crying baby. "How dare you, you *old* (I beg your pardon, ma'am), rascal, send your dog after my child. See, he is in fits now!"

"Yes," re-echoed the motley crew, "a summons for the popish priest. We have all seen him sending his dog after your wee infant—the poor thing."

The other children were far away in the distance out of pursuit.

I was beaten, I confess, and like the French king, I went back again up the hill under the fire of Mrs. Brannigan & Co.

What a good thing for the Unionist papers if the next day they could have headed their leading article:

CRUEL CONDUCT OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST!

AN INFANT WORRIED BY HIS DOG!!

SHOCKING!!!

*
* *

THE POLICE ADMINISTRATION.

There is no government in Ireland except the government of the Police. It claims infallibility.

As a body, the Irish Constabulary are a fine set of men, and if they were not the government but simply the helpers of a *fair government*, nobody would find fault with them. But at the present stage of affairs, they see or do not see, arrest or do not arrest, according to the fancy, or direction, or policy of Dublin Castle, which is nothing else than a secret police organization.

Without going any further in my theory, I shall bring forward the following facts:

The first year of my residence in Ireland I was passing before one of the barracks of my little town, and I met a group of factory girls, who, when they saw me, began to use their vocabulary of insults against priests and the Pope.

A policeman who was at the door heard them, and saw them coming along. We were bound to meet at the barrack door. But he turned his head and walked in, so that before the very gate of "law" and "order," they send the Pope to warm quarters.

Of course this was my first year in Ireland, and in those days I thought that forbearance was the cure for these offences.

Another time a similar offence having been committed by young men, the sergeant asked me if it were my intention to prosecute them.

But when a landlord and a Protestant clergyman are insulted, they are not asked if they wish to prosecute, but every exertion, every move is made by the police authorities themselves, and nothing is left undone to find out the culprits.

Towards the end of September, 1883, on a Friday afternoon, the windows of my bedroom were smashed, and very large pellets scattered all over the room. Though strange indeed was the occurrence, I first took a very lenient view of the case and said nothing about it.

The following week a similar outrage was committed, and I thought wise to mention it to the police of Ulster, where *law* and *order* are the brightest gems of the English crown.

I think right to add that being yet a stranger in the town, I never had meddled with any political topic.

The investigation was an easy one. The pellets had been fired in a straight line, and there was no possibility of that being done, on account of the disposition of the back buildings, unless from the window of a large store facing my room.

A special inspector came and declared the same thing. Pellets of the same nature were found in the store, the owner of the shop sells arms and ammunition, and has under his care a certain number of clerks.

At first the police manifested the greatest indignation at the dastardly outrage, there even was talk of applying the famous Crimes Act to the town.

But day after day their feelings cooled down.

At last the extraordinary inspector came with his special report.

"It is a sad affair," said he, "but it would be better not to publish it; retaliation always follows these acts, and innocent people suffer from it. Moreover, the outrage does not seem to me so great now. It may have been an air gun. I believe so myself. Won't you say so?"

"Well no, sir."

If this had been done in the South on a Bible reader, all England would hear about it.

The gentleman seemed a little annoyed, and after a few words, left, never to come back.

Mr. Biggar brought my case before Parliament, the Chief-Secretary gave him the answer of the extraordinary police investigator, and all was over.

The *Lurgan Times* referring to the case, called it "a mysterious occurrence," in an article which *seemed* to say that perhaps we had perpetrated the mischief ourselves, and the thing remained a mystery.

The fact that it remained a mystery is for me the *mysterious occurrence.*

Summer in Ulster is eventful in mysteries. Every July and August bring their own record. I shall never forget the comical scene I witnessed the 13th of July, 1884.

The 12th of July passed off quietly. As a rule, *now since public opinion is awakened,* Orangemen do not desecrate that day with their usual rowdyism. But the following days are the worst.

We had two hundred policemen to keep the peace.

The whole thirteenth they patrolled the Catholic district,

but left very freely the Orange quarter in the hands of the mob. Many Catholic young men and young girls were grossly insulted in those streets, and party feeling ran very high.

Meanwhile, the spirits were running down the throats of Her Majesty's forces.

At four o'clock I saw many of them as unsteady as their government.

By six o'clock very few men were fit for a judicious and prudent service.

More than one disgraceful skirmishing had taken place with "the little children."

At eight o'clock an order came to clear the streets.

A charge was made on the Orangemen, who retreated into their own quarters and very wisely were left there.

The Catholics, who had already retired into their district, were, nevertheless, charged with batons, and ordered to go *inside* their houses.

This was too much.

The young people refused to comply with the request; they charged the police; a regular shower of stones cut the shaky pillars of *law* and *order*.

The infuriated policemen forced their way into the houses, and batoned the inhabitants. Nevertheless, they were repulsed.

One of them, in his state of intoxication, made for the pump of the street, believing it was a Fenian, seized the handle and shouted at the top of his voice, "Move on! move on!"

The pump turned disloyal and refused to go.

The policeman struck it with his baton, but the pump was poisoned by Nationalism and didn't move on.

Suddenly a "mysterious occurrence" struck the policeman on the back of the head and told him to *move down.*

And down he went.

So two hundred policemen sent to protect everybody had protected nobody.—Mysterious occurrence number two.

Last year, 1886, we had a grand display after the throwing out of Gladstone's bill.

Everyone expected disturbances on the night of the division, no matter what way the division would go.

However, not a soldier, not an extra policeman was sent, out of the enormous forces watching over Ireland, to protect life and property. It was an anticipated fact that the bill would be defeated, and extensive preparations had been made by the loyalists.

At last, at the dead of night the news reached Lurgan.

Dang, ring the bells; bang, volleys follow volleys; the whistling rockets fly through the air, and a mob of "little children," armed with revolvers, sticks, and stones, smash the windows of the Catholic houses.

While they were operating on my premises, a voice shouted: "Stop breaking his glass; he got £12 damages for the last wrecking." And I was spared *more money.*

Later on the shutters of a Catholic shop were wrenched from their frames, and carried to the bonfire.

Then the "little children" danced as Red Indians round the flames, yelling and gesticulating, disappointed for having no victim to roast.

The policemen were not to be seen.

Mysterious occurrence number three.

The 15th of August of the same year I gave an excursion to Warrenpoint to our school children.

On our way we were asked by the lookers-on at the stations if we were *Green* or *Orange;* but when they saw me in the train, they had no more doubts on the *Fenianism* of our trip.

Returning home we were received at many stations (Tanderagee, Scarva, Portadown) with showers of stones.

On the platform of Tanderagee station, a well-dressed young man, facing my carriage window, gazed at me with a devilish look, and seizing a lemonade bottle from his pocket fired it at me with all his might. Happily he missed his aim, and the missile was smashed to pieces on the door.

He ran away at once; the policeman on the platform, to whom I shouted, came too late, and the culprit disappeared.

The following train, by which we were rather expected to come back, was fired at with a bullet, which nearly killed a young American actress, Minnie Palmer.

The morning papers narrated these outrages, but nothing was tried by the authorities to find out these would-be murderers, and law and order prevailed.

Mysterious occurrence number four.

The 1st of March, the year of grace, 1887, another more mysterious affair took place in Lurgan.

It is customary for the Catholic band to walk through the town on that evening.

The Episcopalian church stands in the middle of a square mostly inhabited by Catholics, and the few Protestants who reside in it do not interfere with any demonstration.

But from the lanes of the Orange quarter rush a crowd of ferocious characters, "little children," waiting for the Catholic band, and ready to break their heads.

The natural duty of the policemen should be to keep these fellows back, and let the Catholic band return peacefully to its district, by rounding the Episcopalian church.

Nothing of the sort.

The ordinary duty of the Lurgan police is to break the heads of the unfortunate bandsmen, in order to prevent the Orangemen from doing so.

So on the 1st of March, 1887, they fulfilled that *painful* duty with their usual zeal and vigour.

The bandsmen and the Catholic party retired to their houses.

The principal street of that locality was empty; but it appears that some foolish young men fired a gun from a back yard.

At once four or five policemen ran for their rifles, and fired down the empty street. But they had not the common sense to fire in the middle of the street. One charge of pellets went through the windows of one of the most peaceful inhabitants of the street, nearly killing him at his loom; another charge shot a young married woman, who was just opening her door; another shot pierced the wrist of a little girl who was at the corner of another street.

No inquiry was held into that sad affair; no apology or indemnity given to the wounded. Though, worse than at Mitchelstown, there was not even a crowd to fire at.

Why did the police fire, then?

A mysterious occurrence number five.

Ireland is a land of mystery.

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THE UNIONISTS' PREJUDICES.

Two of the great objections raised against the clergy of Ireland are that they do not belong to the landlord class,

and that Irish priests do not meet the landlord on friendly terms—I mean landlords that are Unionists.

These two objections are, moreover, generally, though not universally true, and the direct answer to them is to explain *why priests do not like to meet with these landlords.*

For my part, fortunately or unfortunately, I belong to the landlord class, my father, before retiring from business having been a large property owner and a miller.

Before old age obliged him to retire from social responsibilities, he had been many times mayor of his district, justice of the peace, and prefect of the magistrates of his county. Moreover, on account of his business connexions, he was a warm admirer of England, and I remember his delight when for the first time he heard me say in bad English: "Good morning."

So I had no prejudices against the landlords of any party. I was trained to believe in their infallible honesty, and I must confess that at home I never saw a case for a quarrel between farmers and landlords.

Many times in England, and sometimes in Ireland, I had occasion to meet and to dine with Irish Unionist landlords, and non-landlords.

All that I heard from them about the poor, benighted Irish would have turned me against them, if not for my ministry amongst the poor. But living amongst the masses, I also had full opportunity to study them, and I must confess that they have won their case in my heart.

So my knowledge of Ireland being combined with the knowledge of the shameful ways, slanders, and calumnies of the Unionist class, like the Irish priest I have lost every desire of meeting these gentlemen; though the first advice I received from one of them was—Mix in no politics; do not

imitate your fellow-priests, and you will receive every support from us."

By Unionists I do not mean Protestants or Orangemen: but those who at the present time try every means to prevent "Home Rule."

The natural kindness and good manners, generosity and uprightness that I have seen in the Protestants of the North, make me believe that if it were not for the prejudices and slanders that some of the Tory party are circulating amongst them, bigotry and Toryism would die out in Ulster.

Let us go to the facts.

Three years ago, in England, I had the pleasure of being for a few days the guest of a very kind, hospitable lady, who swore by the London *Times*.

One day we began to talk of Ireland.

"These Irish are very queer," said she, "they are just like the Jews; if you wish I will show you a 'little Irish.'"

She was telling me that, the same way a showman speaks of his little monkey or pet kangaroo.

"Yes, these little Irish cannot work much" (I know many of them working fifteen hours a day for nine shillings a week); "but they can be trained by degrees. They have lazy, drunken parents, you know." (Well, the masses are drunk in the streets, and the classes in their beds—this is the difference.) We went down stairs to see the "little Irish." We found her on her knees scrubbing as hard as she could.

"Kate, here is a gentleman from Ireland wishing to see you."

Kate was a brave young girl of seventeen, fair complexion, and lovely blue eyes.

"That's my little Irish," went on the lady; "her father

is in jail for drunkenness, her mother is somewhere in Ireland. What a pity they have such bad parents."

All this was said to me before the child on her knees.

The poor thing blushed convulsively, tears glittered in her eyes, but didn't run on her warm cheeks; she looked at me half ashamed, half sad, with that humble resignation of the poor and the weak.

I must confess that, taken by surprise by this brutal scene, unprepared for that careless, cold-blooded insult to the dearest feelings of that poor soul, I hardly could say to her two or three kind words, and I walked out in a cold fit of anger.

Well, now, let me tell to Lady X——— that she may give a new hat, an old bracelet, a petticoat to that servant of hers, she may increase her wages; but the day that Kate will throw all these gifts in her venerable face I shall not call Kate ungrateful, because Lady X——— will never give back to this poor Irish girl what she robbed from her—self-respect.

In March, 1881, I was on board the Bothnia, in Queenstown harbour. I met on deck an English gentleman, wearing gold spectacles.

"That's Ireland," said he to me; "a cursed people lives there."

"Will you not land and see the town for a minute?" said I.

"Never, they are dirty creatures; shooting landlords behind hedges, they are not worth a visit."

"Were you ever in Ireland?"

"No, sir," said he, "and never will."

"Why, then, do you hate so much these poor Irishmen?"

He looked angry at me, "Foreigners will never understand the hate of an Englishman for the Irish," and he walked away.

The rest of the voyage he flirted away with the young ladies, English or *Irish*.

I suppose that according to his notions of the Irish nation, the *men only* are an accursed race.

Last May in London I paid a visit to an Irish Catholic landlord, a defeated candidate of the last elections.

The reception was kind and homely, we discussed politics, and useless to say, that he was not a Home Ruler.

Nevertheless, we parted on good terms, and he promised me a visit for the next day.

The following morning I received no visit, but a letter.

This epistle from the Irish landlord was telling me more solemnly still his sorrow to see me going back to France filled with the revolutionary spirit which prevails now in Ireland. He complained very hard of the scandals he had witnessed for fifty years in the Catholic Church of his dear country. He called the actual Home Rule movement in Ireland "the cry of Lucifer! '*non serviam.*'" And this tragical letter ended in the following comical way: "Before speaking to your friends in France, I dare to beg you to seek advice on the subject (*question Irlandaise*), from Mr. X——— and M. l'abbé Z." Mr. X——— is a young blind Englishman who resides in France since his childhood; he never was in Ireland, and during summer the Irish landlord pays him some kind visits. M. l'abbé is a French priest who can hardly speak English, never reads an Irish or English paper, was once twenty-four hours in London, and was honoured sometimes by the visit of the same Irish landlord.

So this good man was sending me to his two pupils, with strict advice not to open my lips on the Irish question without their learned permission.

It happens then that I form the resolution to write my pamphlet, *Pour l'Irlande*, without the sanction of Mr. V.'s scholars.

But the French book, *Chez Paddy*, had already convinced me of the Unionist hypocrisy.

Let us say a few words on this production of Monsieur le Baron de Mandat Grancey.

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MONSIEUR LE BARON DE CHEZ PADDY.

Monsieur de Mandat Grancey is an able writer, he possesses that Parisian wit and brilliant imagination which please so much in boudoirs and drawingrooms. No wonder that his book is dedicated to the Comtesse de Flanders.

When I had the pleasure of meeting the Baron two years ago he had not yet made his flying visit to Ireland. But I can say that his book was already finished so far as the ideas are concerned; but it wanted yet a local colour, otherwise even Frenchmen would not believe it.

So M. de Grancey went to Ireland.

My intention here is not to repeat any refutation of his book, but simply to show how he wrote it.

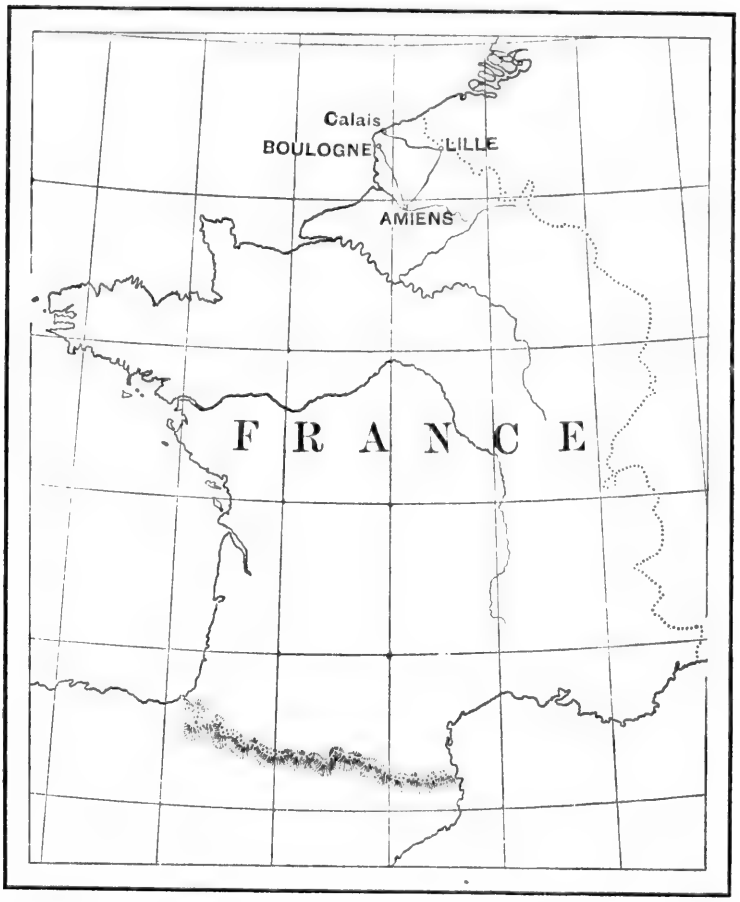
I first give a plan of his travels through the Emerald Island, and the conclusion of his agrarian investigation. That plan is followed by a map of a journey in France on the same principles.

The Baron will forgive me, I hope, if I do not mention the two or three public-houses where he stopped on his way. If he is not pleased with my map of France, he can ask Mark Twain for a better one.

JOURNEY OF THE BARON THROUGH IRELAND.

Ireland is a country of bogs and rocks and lakes. No wonder there is a starving population in it.—"*Chez Paddy.*" *Synopsis of chapter the third.*

JOURNEY OF A FOREIGNER THROUGH FRANCE.



France is a fine country for turf, the vine does not grow in it, and the beer is bad.—*Vindex.*

In the preface of his English edition, the Baron tries to make us believe that the study of agriculture brought him to Ireland. He seems to have some special theories on land. "I have been to seek in Ireland the confirmation of these theories."

Of course!

"Confirmation," as he says, not the study. He would even have the Irish soil turned upside-down to make it suit his theory—so it seems by the preface.

But strange to say, if you read over the contents of the book, there is not a word about agriculture in the whole of it, and if you open the volume you read about everything except what is mentioned in the English preface.

The book ends with a page on the origin of haricot-mutton——— so much for agriculture!

Now, let us say a few words on the accuracy of the facts.

In page 37 the Baron narrates the following story:—

"Irish Priests."

"Some of them allow their enthusiasm to attain extraordinary dimensions. I was dining, quite recently, with one of my relations; eight or ten persons were present, and one of them, an Irish parish priest, was telling us something about the present state of his country. Very intelligent and full of racy humour, he related a number of anecdotes illustrative of the prevalent state of feeling, each droller than the last, and above all full of local colour. He particularly impressed upon us the sympathy of the clergy for the Land League.

"The other day," said he, "one of my colleagues was playing billiards with his vicar, when a message was brought

to him that a man wanted to confess to him in the vestry. He immediately went, took his place in the confessional, and the man commenced the enumeration of his sins.

"'My Father,' said he, 'I confess that three months ago I shot a man and killed him.'

"'Oh, oh!' thought the priest, 'this is a serious matter.'

"He still held the billiard chalk in his hand, and with it made a mark on his left sleeve.

"'Go on, my son,' he said aloud.

"'That is not all,' stammered the man. 'Two days later I shot Paddy Ryan. . . . . But I only wounded him.'

"The priest made a second mark on his sleeve, and repeated with a sigh:

"'Go on, my son.'

"'Since that I have shot at Corney O'Sullivan, and then at Tim O'Flagherty, and then again at Timothy O'Hagan. . . . .'

"The priest sprung up in his arm-chair.

"'Good heavens, my son! but what had all these men done to you that you wished to hurry them into eternity? Who were they?'

"'Oh, my Father! they were all bailiffs or tax-collectors.

"'Idiot!' growled the priest, furiously rubbing his sleeve. 'Why didn't you say so before, instead of letting me spoil my best cassock?'"

This story was much relished by the lay guests at dinner. It was less appreciated by the ecclesiastics present. It is, however, unnecessary to add that it was related as a good joke; but at the same time, we quite understood that the joke was intended to give the key to the present state of feeling amongst many of the Irish priests.

Well, now, M. de Grancey knew very well that I narrated

to him that story, and he gives me the credit of being intelligent—many thanks.

But to give novelty to that joke, which is as old in Ireland as the round towers, he manufactured the details that you have read, and that I must contradict now:

1. This funny joke was narrated to him in Paris, not in Ireland.

2. I am not an Irishman.

3. I am not a Parish Priest.

4. I have no curate.

5. He mentions a billiard table; I never said a word about it; but of course he wanted to explain where the *chalk came from*.

6. He gives a long enumeration of proper names. I never did so.

7. He draws the conclusion at the end that we are lenient towards murderers, though there is no actuality in that story of three hundred years ago.

He forgot to put his cartoon of the priest and confessional in his English edition. Why? Somebody, I suppose, told him it would not take here.

Anticlerical cartoons suit in Paris only.

No, but every means is good to these gentlemen.

In your American edition, M. le Baron, please put a revolver in the hand of the priest.

Now for story No. II., page 141:

"'Let me understand,' said I to Mr. Trench, as soon as we were a little way from the cottage. 'Will you explain to me how you can ask £3 rent from those unfortunate people for less than an acre of very bad land, and for the right of valueless pasturage, that is absolutely visionary, for you see the state of his two cows?'

"'Allow me to wait a few moments before answering your questions,' he replied

"We are now at Derrygariff, since there is a Derrygariff. On the right side of the road stands a horrible house of dry stones, from which an old woman came out, very dry too, and not less tattered than those whom we had just left. On seeing her, Trench abruptly leaned back in the carriage. She rushed towards us, crying in a whining voice:

"'Just a penny, your honour! And may the Blessed Virgin be with your honour.'

"'Amen,' growled Trench, suddenly showing himself like a devil springing from a holy-water vase.

"The old woman drew back thunderstruck.

"'Tell me, then, Mrs. Finnigan; will you please tell me who authorised you to settle under-tenants on your land?'

"'Holy Virgin! Mother of God!' said Mrs. Finnigan, stupefied. Then, at once assuming an amiable expression:

"'Eh! is it good Mr. Trench? May God protect him! He's a sight to cure sore eyes. And I took him for a tourist!'

"'I see that,' continued Trench, 'and you are not ashamed to beg, although, to my knowledge, you have £500 in the bank at Kenmare? But you have not answered my question. Who is this under-tenant that you have settled on your land?'

"'Oh, Mr. Trench! To accuse us of under-letting our land. Holy Mother of God! Never! It is only a poor man who asked leave to settle there; now we can't turn him off; and then, taking pity upon him, we engaged him as caretaker, and we are only paid for the land he occupies by his work upon ours, or upon the roads, because my husband has undertaken the care of the roads. Your honour, the poor must help each other, your honour!'

"'Ah! Just so. I see how it is,' said Trench. 'Drive on, Dick.' Then turning towards me:

"'Now do you understand. You heard that impudent hussy explain in a few words the system of under-tenants, which is one of the worst plagues in Ireland, and for which they account us responsible. Finnigan, her husband, rents a farm of ninety acres; he also has the right of pasturage on the mountains. As far as I recollect, he pays a rent of £15 or £20 a year. You see that it is pretty moderate; and the proof that it is not let too dearly is that he has made large savings, in spite of the bad years that we have passed through. He is an active, intelligent man, but horribly avaricious. You saw the house he lives in; he would not improve it for anything in the world, because his wife and children never fail to ask alms from passing tourists, and he considers that it is especially desirable to arouse their pity. Now, without saying a word to us, he under-lets the land. You have just seen one of his tenants; perhaps he has three or four others hidden in different corners; and you have heard the money he demands from them. His rents are never in arrear; they are even paid in advance, because he is careful to have them paid by the man's work.

"'You must remember that this arrangement is strictly forbidden; first by the lease, and afterwards by the law. To avoid difficulties, the unfortunate man is reported as his landlord's servant. He can, therefore, at any moment be turned out of the house that he has built himself.

"'What can be done in the matter? I could certainly get rid of him by ejectment. But I should have to summons him, then obtain a company of soldiers, receive stones and mud from the whole population; risk a fight, in which one or two men may be killed; and then be called a tyrant by the newspapers. From time to time, when the abuse gets

too flagrant, I make an example, but as a rule I close my eyes.'"

Very good.

But now that we know the *modus operandi* of M. le Baron in the composition of his book, I will tell you what is true in this wonderful story.

First, that old woman does not exist; she is not born yet, except like Minerva, in the brains of the French Jupiter.

How was she conceived there?

By the following operation:

When M. de Grancey inquired from his friend how such a rent was possible, Trench answered, "Allow me to wait a few moments." Why so?

Is it because from all eternity the Almighty had created old Peggy to answer for Mr. Trench to the query of his French guest?

Is it because it had been decided *ab æterno* that she would stand that morning on the road to save Mr. Trench from his puzzle?

Is it because Mr. Trench, by a supernatural vision, as another Ezechiel, knew that Peggy would be there, and looking round said: Wait a minute? No, certainly not.

I shall tell you how the whole thing happened.

M. de Grancey had a good dinner with Mr. Trench; the Baron, surprised at the high rents paid by the tenants for their miserable hovels, wanted to know why: then Trench gave him the theory of the under-tenant—and that's all.

But of course this would not do in a Parisian book; it would have nothing smart in it for the "boudoirs." So M. le Baron, after dinner, walked back to his sumptuous room, and under the feverish influence of his meal, created Peggy as a nice way to illustrate the agent's excuse.

God bless your old woman, M. le Baron, please give her a farm

on your estate, and may Mr. Trench have mercy on her soul.

A last story from M. de Mandat Grancey's book, page 157:

"After dinner we went to Mr. Trench's study to smoke. I sat down by a small table on which stood a candlestick, and placed my coffee by it.

"'Excuse me, dear sir,' said one of the guests, addressing me, half laughing, half serious, 'but you are wrong to sit there. You see, if anyone fired at us through the window you might be hurt. There, allow me to move your chair a little. Now you are safe. And besides, hanging on the wall within reach of your hand you have a loaded revolver and a tomahawk—both excellent weapons. Try the edge of the tomahawk. Look, too, on the mantelpiece, there is a bowie knife; some people prefer a bowie knife, but I like the tomahawk best, and this one is extremely sharp.'

"I effusively thanked this amiable gentleman. The conversation became general, and the guests discussed weapons. Each drew a revolver from his pocket and warmly defended his own theories. They all agreed that Mr. Trench's revolver was too small. He was sitting about five or six paces from me on the other side of the chimney.

"'Ah!' said they, 'you may be the best shot in the country, but you are wrong to use such a short weapon, it cannot be relied on; you would miss a man at ten paces.'

"'You say that I could not be sure of my aim,' cried Mr. Trench; 'you shall see.'

"Instantly I heard a frightful noise, in which I distinguished three reports, a sound of broken glass, and then I felt on my back and head a succession of tiny pricks, as though all the archers of Lilliput were shooting at me. Thinking it was a Fenian attack I sprang to the tomahawk, seized the revolver in the other hand, and, entrenched behind the arm-chair, I awaited events.

"It was only Mr. Trench who had fired at the candle within a foot of my head. The first two bullets had simply broken the sconce, the last had cut the candle in two, and one of the balls had struck a box of steel pens that had been placed on a what-not; the pens had flown into the air, and some had fallen into my collar and had produced the pricking."

M. le Baron, stop that, please.

There is a man standing before you with a loaded revolver, you know, you see it. He says he is to fire, you hear it. He fires three shots over your head, and you believe that the shots are fired from behind you—from some neighbouring fields—by some Moonlighters!!

M. le Baron! M. le Baron! You, a French officer. You, the pride of the French navy. You behind an arm-chair with the tomahawk in one hand, the revolver in the other.

Oh, if the Countess of Flanders had seen you in that state.

No, no, sir, the only excuse I see for making a fool of yourself in a drawingroom is indicated in your last sentence—"I was then shown to a capital room, where I slept in an excellent bed."

You wanted *rest badly that night.*

So you wrote your book, "Chez Paddy."—Please send it to Flanders.

Dear Monsieur le Baron, let me tell you with Madam Angot, quoted by yourself, but with a slight modification:

"Ce n'etait la peine,
Non pas la peine assurement,
De quitter pour deux mois le boudoir de Friedland."
(Residence of M. de Grancey.)

I must confess that this double-dealing, this narration of the same old accusations, showed me more where the truth of the Irish question lay, than any book I read.

Let us study now two of the most important questions con-

cerning Home Rule—*Protestant Ascendency and Catholic Ascendency.*

***

PROTESTANT ASCENDENCY.

It is all very well for you Catholics of every nation to ask Home Rule for Ireland; but we Protestants, we know very well that Home Rule means Rome Rule, and we shall die rather than to submit to it. Such are the sermons from the Orange halls of Ulster. "We will never submit, never surrender our ascendency to the fancy of an unruly, disloyal majority. Are we not the wealth and the intelligence of the country?

"We will fight for our rights, and by the glories of Derry, by the victory of the Boyne, by the glorious, pious and immortal memory, we will stand as our forefathers stood, and make the British Empire tremble with the powerful cry of 'No surrender!'"

Open the windows, please.

So you will fight for Ascendency?

But do you not know that there are two sorts of ascendency? The lawful one and the unlawful one.

The unlawful ascendency is the offspring of unjust spoliation, of oppression, of corrupt practice, of bribery, of partial protection, of slander and calumny. That ascendency requires no brains, no work but *might*.

That ascendency, you have. It is the result of three hundred years of misgovernment. It is hereditary in your families. You should be ashamed of it; it is the price of blood, it has the mark of Cain, it cries vengeance, and you should thank the dispensation of Divine providence which is to wash your hands from that stain; because that ascendency Home Rule may take from you.

Yes, you will lose the privilege of doing nothing and being rewarded for it; you will be obliged to make yourself worthy and fit before taking official appointments.

You will have to give to Catholics the same facilities of success, of protection, of administration.

But Home Rule or Rome Rule will never take away from you the ascendency of your works, of your virtue, of your talents, of your religion.

And what else do you want?

In bygone days you have tried to quench the flame of science in the hearts of our children, you have tried to bury the Irish nation in the bogs, to scatter it over the world; you have tried to deny us the rights of human beings. Well, we will do nothing of the sort to you.

Nevertheless, we do not see that Orangeism or any other "ism" gives right to rule. But we will see if the gifts that the Almighty has bestowed on you can make you rule fairly and justly, and such an ascendency we will respect.

And we beg from you to respect us if we can acquire the same privilege by lawful means.

Rivalry will subsist between the two religions, but simply to oblige each one to do its utmost for Erin's prosperity.

You complain now that the odds are against you, that the natural abilities of our race combined with our number must reduce you to the second place?

Then you admit how unjust, how unwise, how cruel it was for you to reduce us to that inferior rank, when God and nature had given us the first.

Then you plead guilty of crime. Seeing how impossible it is for you to maintain your ascendency by just means, you must keep it up by the protection of the Castle instructed by you.

Let it be then well understood that Home Rule will take nothing sacred, nothing just, nothing fair, from your hands. It will leave you the field opened for any lawful progress.

If you fear yet, your anxiety must come from a guilty conscience, or fear of work.

For years Ireland had been for you a land of milk and honey, and it turns now to be a land of fair and noble struggles, by fair and noble means, and if you refuse the gauntlet it is a sign of distrust in your boasted wealth and intelligence.

It is a sign that you feel the duty too great, the light of the day too bright, the eye of justice too clear, and willingly you would plunge Ireland once more in a sea of blood and shame, to keep your ascendency.

Every fair-minded Protestant should see that such an ascendency is a slur on his religion, and if one cannot go without the other, let the two go down for the benefit of the whole human race.

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CATHOLIC ASCENDENCY.

While Protestants are trembling for their property and salvation if left in the hands of the Catholics, let us say that Home Rule will be a greater danger for the Catholic faith than the Protestant religion, though I sincerely believe that such danger will be overcome.

Learned men know very well that our religion urges more prayers, more fasts, more sacrifices, more penances, more sacraments, than any other creed.

Till now, through oppression and tyranny, our faith, so sublime, so unchangeable, so rigid for human nature, has remained glorious, strong, and pure.

The grace of God has played the principal part in that wonderful perseverance of the Irish nation in the faith of St. Patrick. But it cannot be denied that the cruelty, the injustice of their Protestant rulers have increased the love of Irishmen for the altars that English administration wanted to destroy.

Well, the day Home Rule is granted, the Protestant will cease to be a foe, he will become a friend, a warm friend; the Protestant temples, now the towers of a persecut-

ing enemy, will [illegible] be the house of his God; the parson, now the so-called [illegible]ser-agent of the British Crown, will become the right minister of his own denomination.

Then the easy creed, faith without too many works, the common saying that all religions are good, the belief in Christ, no matter how, when, and by what means, all these Protestant notions now coming from beloved countrymen will have a certain effect on human nature, human carelessness, human pride, and be a source of temptation to a young generation no longer in dread of Protestant tyranny.

Add to that the mixture of many American ideas and views, and you will find that Home Rule does not mean Rome Rule.

So, if Protestantism is yet dreaming of the conversion of Ireland, let it try Home Rule, everything else having failed. However, it is my conviction that as Home Rule did not convert the French Canadians, it won't convert the Irish to Protestantism; but it will also leave the Protestants what they are.

The Catholic faith in Ireland, which has stood martyrdom, can stand prosperity, though the one is more dangerous than the other.

No; Home Rule does not mean Rome Rule, unless you mean the same kind of Rome Rule which for three hundred years has kept the Irish people patient, resigned, impregnable and pure.

Yes, that Rome Rule will last, ruling three millions of Irishmen; but this supreme ruling over Catholics will not encroach over the consciences of separated brethren.

This is what we mean by Catholic ascendency; this is what we expect from Home Rule.

Why blame us for aiming at it? Why rank our priests amongst murderers because they work for it?

Catholic ascendency in a Catholic country is a *natural fact*; but Protestant ascendency in a Catholic country can be but a *miracle* or an INJUSTICE.

Well, we do not believe in such a miracle, history proves the injustice.

Let me narrate to you the following fact, as an illustration of the foolish notions which pervade so many minds in Ulster:

I was in a railway carriage with a fine, learned gentleman, going to Derry.

After two or three sentences about the weather, he said to me:

"I see you are a foreigner."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you think about our Irish?"

"They are an extraordinary people."

(The gentleman smiled.) "Are they not queer?"

"Yes, sir." (Another smile of delight.)

"What do you think of your fellow-priests in Ireland?"

"They are extraordinary, indeed."

"Are they not an awful lot?"

"Well, they are not as many other priests that I know."

"They are an awful lot of politicians. Maynooth does all that. You were never in Maynooth?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it is in Maynooth that they are trained to disloyalty—we can have no peace with them."

"Is that so?"

"Tell me, sir, what do you find so *extraordinary* in them?"

It was time to confess the faith.

"Well, sir," said I, "the Irish people are an extraordinary race, and the Irish clergy an extraordinary class, because contrary to the Continental style they intend to keep their rights and fight for them. They are extraordinary because rather than let their poor people be starved and evicted, they work to protect them. Those Irish bishops are very extraordinary because they do not trust only in pastoral letters to

rescue their children from oppression. Yes, sir, they are a queer lot, but of the right sort."

The gentleman looked at me with a most disgusted countenance.

"Are you an Irishman?" said he.

"No, sir."

"Well, your grandmother was one."

Poor woman!

Very soon, I hope, all England will be like my grandmother.

*
* *

LET US LIVE HAPPY TOGETHER.

"The country is in a dreadful state; agitation has destroyed this land of ours. Why not love one another as Christians?" Such is the talk of the refined Orangemen.

Well, well.

But to live happy together means mutual concession, mutual forbearance, and this is just what these gentlemen are refusing us these years.

You have heard the story of the two bears: It is said that somewhere in Ireland there was a family famous in the neighbourhood for its perpetual quarrels. Friends and priests had tried every means to pacify those parties, but without success.

One morning a woman from that town met a friend of hers, and exclaimed:

"Do you know the great news?"

"No; what is it?"

"The Flannigans have made peace together, and Mrs. Flannigan had no black eye this morning."

"What has happened; tell me, my dear Mrs. Brannigan."

"Two *bears* have come to reside in the house."

"Two bears! Good gracious, what do you mean?"

"Yes, two bears. Bear and Forbear!"

So in Ireland, we have not lived happy together, because the Catholic Bear was alone, and the Orange Forbear could not exist with their oath "of exterminating the Catholics." If a Catholic servant applied for a situation a little better than dish-washer, she could not be received. If a Catholic gentleman tried to be elected Poor Law Guardian in a Protestant neighbourhood, he was beaten back because he was a Papist. If the large portion of Catholics in the North endeavoured to put up a Town Councillor of their own, they had all the Orange lodges to fight.

Of course it would be all right if these poor, benighted Catholics would drink the health of King William and to Hell with the Pope; but then it would be too much of the "bear" altogether.

No mistake, then, they would live happy together with you, rewarded during this life and praised after their death; but their situation would be similar to the fate of a young man caught by thieves that have plundered his house and killed his parents, who through fear, weakness and interest, would become one of them, and live happily with the murderers of his family.

But if they refuse to bear these outrageous conditions of surrender, if they try to labour for those who are oppressed and boycotted for years, then they cannot live happy together with you.

As a rule the insults that we are obliged to stand to live happy together with you, are not very clever, they are rather of the brutal kind, as, for instance, the attack on Father Maginnis, O.P., of Newry; but sometimes the demon of bigotry can have a wit of his own.

I remember, two years ago, on the 12th of July, my sacerdotal ministry brought me to the workhouse, situated in the Orange quarter of my town.

On my way back I met an Orange band, followed by all the "little children." Till I reached the head of the procession

"Not a drum was heard,"

but then the band struck up, "We'll kick the Pope before us."

We lived happy together that day, because I didn't manifest any ill feelings, and a stranger would have exclaimed: "See how priests are respected in Ulster, even on the 12th of July." Nevertheless, the tittering mob enjoyed the whole performance.

And do you mean to say that it is always at such price that we must buy from you the pleasure of living happily together?

If so, you are right to despise us because we cease then to be worthy of respect.

Yes, go to the root of every out-break, revolution, you will find out at the bottom of it this fundamental crime, "that one party has tried to be happy at the expense of the other."

So much for the French Revolution, the War of Independence, the Canadian Rebellion in '37, the North-West Rebellion in '71, the shooting of the landlords in Kerry.

The expense of happiness must be paid by both parties. To try to do otherwise is an injustice, and brings the other party to despair.

Such are my impressions after five years of residence in Ireland.

No party has influenced me except through its good or bad deeds.

The Unionist party has disgusted me, no matter how good the party may be. No matter how well dressed are the ladies of the Primrose-League.

While I am writing the last lines of this pamphlet, I think of a grave on the St. Laurence shore, near the Victoria Bridge, Montreal.

There, the remains of six thousand Irishmen are buried.

Six thousand human creatures expelled from Ireland by famine and eviction.

Six thousand noble beings the victims of a bloody administration.

The stone of granite, erected on their bones, is no colder than the hand, no harder than the heart of the rulers who perpetrated that deed of iniquity.

They were brought there like cattle, in infected ships, and thrown on the green banks of the St. Lawrence, as manure for the land.

They lie under the blue sky of my country, a monument of shame to the English Government, and their blood cries for vengeance against Great Britain.

England has scattered all over the world the hecatombs of her injustice towards Ireland.

But, as the voice of the Almighty bade the prophet Ezechiel speak to the dry bones in the valley of death: "Ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord: Behold I will send spirit into you and you shall live. And they lived, and they stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army."

So the voice of the immortal leaders will send a new life in the bones of the Irish nation crushed to death, they will come from every shore with a new strength, new sinews and power, with a heart and a will; they will stand before England an *exceeding great army*, and England will learn at last the injustice of her ways.

"And God will make them one nation in the land, on the mountain of Israel, and one king shall be king over all them, and they shall no more be two nations, neither shall they be divided any more into two kingdoms (*Ezechiel*, ch. 37, v. 23).

Yes, Home Rule is Union.

And we will live happy together.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

POUR L'IRLANDE!

Opinions of the Press.

M. L'ABBE PICHÉ, un prêtre Canadien, établi depuis quelques années en Irlande, a voulu se faire l'interprète de cette tristesse et de cette indignation. Il a donc écrit, en réponse à *Chez Paddy*, un volume intitulé *Pour l'Irlande*, et ce travail est en beaucoup de points une réfutation écrasante des théories de M. de Mandat-Grancey et des faits avancés par lui. Le ton de cette réplique est un peu vif, et qui ne le comprendrait ? M. l'abbé Piché peut toucher du doigt les misères, mais aussi les qualités de ce peuple, que M. de Mandat-Grancey a voulu ridiculiser plutôt que "raconter" aux lecteurs français. Il vit lui-même au milieu de la province orangiste d'Ulster, et il sait bien ce que les catholiques d'Irlande ont eu et ont encore à souffrir au milieu des victoires du parti national Irlandais, dont le triomphe définitif paraît aujourd'hui inévitable, même en Angleterre.—*Revue Littéraire Univers*, Paris.

POUR L'IRLANDE.—Sous ce titre significatif, un prêtre Canadien, M. Emile Piché, vient de publier une intéressante étude sur ce malheureux pays, que les Anglais continuent à appeler *l'Ile-Sœur*, par ironie, sans doute, car ils ne la traitent guère fraternellement.—*La Patrie*, Paris, 26 Aout, 1887.

Un prêtre Canadien-français, M. Piché, vient, dans une brochure intitulée : *Pour l'Irlande* (1), de répondre aux accusations lancées contre les Irlandais, par des faits qui sont la condamnation du système suivi par les Anglais dans l'île sœur.—*La Croix*, Paris, 23 Aout, 1887.

POUR L'IRLANDE.—Emile Piché—(J. Mersch.) Ceci est un plaidoyer chaleureux en faveur de l'Irlande, écrit par unprêtre Canadien en réponse à un volume récent intitulé : *Chez Paddy*. L'auteur de *Pour l'Irlande* en veut beaucoup à l'auteur de *Chez Paddy* à cause de certaines plaisanteries-caricatures.

Il expose en trois lignes, d'allieurs, ce que désire l'Irlande qu'on lui accorde : l'indépendance législative et la solution de la crise agraire au moyne de l'achat des propriétés par le gouvernement Anglais. Il a des accents réellement éloquents quand il dépeint l'effroyable tableau des

souffrances infligées à l'Irlande par l'Angleterre.—*Le Matin*, Paris, 15 Aout, 1887.

POUR L'IRLANDE—(J. Mersch, 22, place Denefert-Rochereau. in-8° de 111 pages), par Emile Piché, prêtre Canadien. M. l'abbé Piché y demontre la cruelle situation faite aux Irlandais depuis leur réunion à l'Angleterre et plus spécialement depuis cinquante ans.—*Journal des debats*, Paris, 22 Aout, 1887.

POUR L'IRLANDE.—par Emile Piché, prêtre Canadien; un vol. in-8°, chez J. Mersch. Etabli depuis cinq ans dans le comté d'Armagh, l'auteur s'est pénétré des souffrances subies par le peuple Irlandais et des rigueurs inqualifiables auxquelles il est en butte de la part des oppresseurs Anglais. Aussi vient-il de publier ce livre pour répondre à une publication antérieure qu'il qualifie de (mauvaise action.)—*Le Telegraphe*, Paris, 26 Aout, 1887.

Dans le courant de l'hiver dernier, le *Correspondant*, revue bi-mensuelle de France, publiait sous le titre: *Chez Paddy*, le récit d'un voyage en Irlande d'un touriste français, M. le Baron de Mandat-Grancey. C'est la réponse à ce récit de voyage trop souvent fantaisiste et mensonger, que M Emile Piché adresse aux hommes sérieux qui veulent connaître la condition vraie du peuple, Irlandais, telle que le gouvernement néfaste de l'Angleterre l'a faite.

M. Emile Piché est en Irlande depuis cinq ans, et son livre témoigne de la connaissance sérieuse qu'il a des épreuves et des persecutions dont souffre le peuple Irlandais. Ce livre est une thèse en règle en faveur de l'indépendance législative de l'Irlande et de la solution de la crise agraire au moyen de l'achat des propriétés par le gouvernement Anglais.

Nous croyons que M. Emile Piché est le premier Canadien-français qui ait consacré un livre de polémique à la defense de la cause Irlandaise telle que la comprennent Gladstone, Parnell, Davitt et les autres. Ce livre offre tous les renseignements désirables pour l'étude des questions Irlandaises; il contient des statistiques précieuses quant au fonctionnement de l'administration Anglaise en Irlande et quant à l'état de misère et de dénument des tenanciers Irlandais.—*La Minerve*, Montreal.

M. Piché à fait, somme toute, une étude sérieuse de la question Irlanddaise. Ses bons sentiments pour sa nouvelle patrie l'ont bien inspiré. Son livre ne sera pas sans profit pour l'Irlande. Ses amis du Canada l'en félicitent. Il importe que les Canadiens, que tous les amis de la justice et de l'humanité s'instruisent des questions de ce genre. On se fera donc un devoir et un plaisir d'acheter ce volume. (1) F. A. B.

P.S.—Une lettre de l'étranger nous apprend que l'ouvrage de M.

Piché se vend beaucoup à Paris.—Une autre correspondance nous apprend que l'auteur a reçu une lettre de félicitation de la part de M. Gladstone.—*L'Etudiant Joliette*, Canada.

CONTRE ET POUR L'IRLANDE.—Nous publions en reproduction, sur la première page, une magnifique et sincère appréciation d'un excellent écrivain Français, M. Nemaurs Godré, sur le livre de Mons. l'abbé Piché, prêtre Canadino, residant en Irlande.

Pour l'Irlande, tel est le titre de l'ouvrage du savant abbé, qui réfute admirablement les fausses théories et les erreurs du jugement qui fourmillent dans le volume qui a publié Mons. le baron de Mandat-Grancey sur l'Irlande et ayant pour titre Paddy.—*L'Etendard*, Montreal, 5 Octobre, 1887.

In thus summarising the arguments of Father Piché, we are conscious how far we have been from doing full justice to the power and eloquence with which Father Piché has pleaded "For Ireland." His book is a serious, earnest, impassioned vindication of a people whom he has learned to love during his residence amongst them, and to whom he feels attached by the bonds of the ancient friendship that existed between France and Ireland. The work is replete with information on the Irish question, and in style, method, and value it is directly the opposite of the silly jest-book to whose sneers and profane jocularity it is a complete reply.—*The Nation*, Dublin, 10th September, 1887.

Father Piché's book, which makes its appearance at a very opportune time, is well worth careful perusal, bristles with irrefutable facts, and is weighty with solid and convincing argument. He has done yeoman service to the cause he so ably and warmly pleads, and we trust his pamphlet will have a large circulation, particularly in France, where it will educate French public opinion on the Irish question.—*Catholic Times*, Liverpool 20th August, 1887.

But we may leave the Baron in the hands of Father Piché, who pursues him, lash in hand, to whip him through France, Canada, and the United States. Father Piché speaks with the authority of a five years' residence in Ireland, and with a knowledge of the Irish question which not many Irishmen could rival. Fortunately, Father Piché's able "Réponse à Chez Paddy," is published in French, and can be read by the nation whom the Baron seeks to prejudice against the Irish people. Our country owes Father Piché a debt of gratitude for his prompt and vigorous castigation of a malignant libeller.—*United Ireland*, Dublin.

I have not sought to bring out the points which the Canadian priest has scored against the French Baron—one of the best of these is that M. de

Grancey's "horrible story about the Irish clergy condoning murder" is a cock-and-bull *histoire pour rire*, as old as the hills, of which the substance was actually told by the priest to the Baron; and which the latter dressed up and gave out as a truthful narrative. I have tried to show the general scope of the book, of which the summing up is: There is no Government in Ireland, the Baron is quite right there. We want one; and since we are *Chez Paddy* let us have the government that he desires and not another.— *Liberal Home-Ruler*, London, 17th September, 1887.

Father Piché's style is uniformly clear, argumentative, and piquant, rising in the closing paragraphs to finished eloquence. In publishing this work, Father Piche has enhanced the service which he conferred upon Irish Nationalists by his recent lecture in Paris before the *elite* of that city. Gratitude is due to him in the circumstances, and we heartily wish him all the success which his disinterested undertaking so eminently deserves. As the Baron de Mandat Grancey's work has been translated into English we may express the hope that Father Piché's answer may soon assume a similar prominence.—*Morning News*, Belfast.

Such are some of the truths by which the priest, in earnest, tries to answer the baron in jest. They are not such pretty reading as M. de Mandat-Grancey's passage about kissing the lasses, or that in which he satisfies the necessity of saying something about agriculture in Ireland by describing an Englishman's manner of angling in Irish waters (the local genius apparently succeeded in getting a bull from a Frenchman); but they should be enough, they should serve.—*Weekly Register*, London, 3rd September, 1887.

We question whether the Baron's work was worthy the attention of such a master of polemics as Father Piché shows himself to be. The author's style is most attractive, and his French admirably simple, so that we islanders, so deficient, as a rule, in linguistic accomplishments, can read it with ease. Altogether, it is a book which will repay perusal, and we almost forgive the Baron de Mandat-Grancey for his presumption, seeing that it has called forth this masterly reply.—*Catholic Press*, London, 2nd Oct., 1887.

This is the work that Father Pichè has thoroughly well done. He does not rely on stories and the tittle-tattle of the pinchbeck thing called society in Ireland; he gives his facts, his references, his quotations, and reasons like a logician instead of following the example set by the author of *Chez Paddy*.—*Freeman's Journal*, 25th November, 1887.